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THE MOST REVEREND PATRICK WILLIAM RIORDAN, D. D.  
*Archbishop of San Francisco, Cal.*

## An Address by Archbishop Riordan.

[During the Students' Retreat last week, the Most Rev. Patrick Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, while on his way home from Washington, stopped off to visit his *Alma Mater*. With characteristic kindness, he consented to address the students of the University assembled in the church. His earnest, thoughtful words, it is safe to say, will never be forgotten by those who heard them.]

**M**Y DEAR STUDENTS:—Instead of your making the Stations of the Cross this afternoon I have been asked to speak to you about this retreat in which you are engaged. It affords me great pleasure to have the privilege of addressing so large and fine a body of young men, and I am delighted to hear of the growth of this great institution of which I was once, many years ago, a student. It is a great pleasure to come back and notice, year after year, how this College grows in size and in power, extending its influence out into all sections of this country, gathering young men from every part of it, and forming them according to its own method for the great work in life.

You come here, not only to be instructed, not only to receive a certain amount of information concerning worldly things, but to receive discipline in character as well. That is the first object of this institution: to give the young men committed to its keeping high and noble characters. Unfortunately too many colleges are content with making students proficient in one or another branch of learning; but the principal thing in life is character, and this is formed by religious teaching more than by secular instruction.

The college takes the place of the home of the boys. Both home and college have precisely the same object in view: to train young men, to make men of them—useful, virtuous men. Therefore, you see, a college of this kind is constructed on lines far different from any institution that places religion outside of its curriculum. To develop character in you this retreat is given—to make you think of the things of the soul, to carry your minds forward to the great principles that underlie the formation of Christian manhood; in a word, it is to fit you for the world that is to come, and to make you understand how to live in this world. It is a very serious thing—a serious thing for a boy, and a serious thing for his father and his mother, when he goes out of

the precincts of his home, and commits himself to the keeping and guidance of another. It is a serious thing for the father; for he passes over to a stranger his own child for whose conduct he is responsible to Almighty God. And it is a serious thing for a young man to leave his home, to put himself under the guidance of another for whom he does not feel, in the beginning, that love and affection which he has for his parents. But it is a more serious thing for those in charge of the institution to receive these young men, and take upon themselves the great responsibility of training them for life. Our colleges, therefore, take the place of the home, and the teachers take the place of the parents; hence you can well understand how great are the responsibilities placed upon your teachers.

You pass here four or five years of a time of life in which you are to be formed for the future. The spring-time of your life is here, and the seeds now planted will grow up to bear a harvest in after years. And as the spring-time of the year is the most valuable and most precious time,—for in it are sown the seeds of the future harvest—so the few years you pass in this college home of yours are the most important years of your life. If you misuse them they will never come back to you; but they will beget habits of laziness which will last during all the years of your after-life. The dissipations which college boys now and then engage in will break out in riotous life in after years; but the industry which they acquire in college will give them a character which will carry them on to success, to be men among their fellowmen, and to do much good to their country and their religion. And therefore, my dear young friends, I counsel you to spend these years well; to spend them profitably, to spend them industriously. A day lost now is an opportunity gone forever; and a college is, after all, only an opportunity—a great, a high, and a noble opportunity for good in the future. It is as if the farmer should fold his hands in the spring-time, and then lament in the fall that his fields were barren. He may regret it as much as he pleases, but he cannot undo the neglect of the spring-time of the year. And so with us, if we are careless in our youth; if we allow the golden years to pass without profiting by them; if we fail in industry and application, and in the building up of our intellectual and moral character, years that come after these first and best years of our life will be filled with regret.

Now, therefore, I ask of you today two things. First, to be industrious. The college course is the result of the experience of men who have given these subjects mature thought, and come to their work after years of study. They know what is good for you far better than you can know it; and therefore, a certain intellectual course is marked out for the students of a college to which they are supposed to apply themselves. All extraneous work should be avoided. Books not put in your hands by the necessity of the class should not be touched. You are apprentices learning to do certain work, and you have only a short time in which to learn it, and that time should be given to it. There is a danger when we are young in mapping out our own course for ourselves. We imagine that we are wiser than our teachers, and we allow our minds to go out into the fields of thought and literature, and include in the collection foreign studies. Here we make a fatal mistake. A time will come when these studies will be useful, and when it will be permitted you to follow these pursuits. Now you should have but one object,—to know the lessons which are appointed for you; and in that discipline of mind which comes with the study of these lessons, to build up your intellectual character. But it is far better to know how to think properly, precisely, accurately, than it is to have a certain amount of information which in a few years will be lost; whereas the thinking power once stimulated grows stronger as years go by. The great fault with many of our institutions is this very lack of stimulating the thinking power. Thought is dissipated by many studies; and if you go out of the books which are appointed for you, your mind will run over the surface of things, and only the surface will be agitated or stirred, whereas the thinking power will, from want of use, grow weak and die. Therefore, let your industry be in the line marked out. I should advise you while you are in college to give up all novels, story books, above all, newspapers,—the bane of our country, the bane of the mind seeking strength and knowledge.

What we want when we are young is to take hold of principles, to understand the essence of things, to know how one thing grows out of another; and then, in after-life, the time will come when these principles of thought will be applied to subjects that come up for discussion. We must do in our early days what masons do when putting up a large building: they begin with the foundation. Deep down

into the earth they dig, and there they lay the concrete and stone. They are not concerned with the ornamental part of their building. They do not think of the decorating, the stained glass, the turrets and the towers. They know that these things will come in due time; for their work is to lay deep the foundation of the structure. Now this is the time of life in which you are to lay the foundation of intellectual knowledge; and this can only be done by paying attention strictly to that work, though hard it may seem. The concrete and granite of character must be laid deep in your mind, and in after years the superstructure will be raised, and the finishing touches of complete education will be given. Therefore industry; therefore application.

This is no time for idleness; this is a time for effort; and if there is anything beautiful and ennobling it is a young man setting himself diligently to the work of life. "See the man diligent in his business; he will stand before kings." An industrious man is a man who carries out, day by day, and hour by hour, the great law of labor that has been imposed upon us by Almighty God, that came into the world in the creation of our first parents. They were made to labor, and so the laborer's life is the noblest life. A laborious youth is the best preparation for the future. Therefore industry, and therefore application. But dissipation now will develop into sloth in after-life, and from sloth follow all kinds of sin.

But you are not present here to become mere scholars, but to build up your characters. Now the best means for the formation of character is the Christian religion. If I may say so, it is of all religions the survival of the fittest. It has outlived them all—of course, it is divine—but looking at it from a human standpoint, it stands alone as the survival of all theological systems. Our Blessed Lord came as a perfect Man, and He imparted to us the principles which, when applied to our souls, will make us perfect men. Now, as character is better than knowledge, as conduct is three-fourths, and often more, of life; as behind the educated man there must be the true man, and as a man is formed by character and conduct, so more attention must be paid while we are young to the development of character than even to the acquisition of knowledge. All character is formed by the application of Christian principles to our mind. It enables us to think correctly of the great problems that are discussed on all sides; it presses into our souls those virtues that give

us strength to resist temptation; it teaches us our right position in the world. We are children of God struggling for what is right; living so only for a few years in anticipation of our life to come. It makes us see the light in which we stand towards God and our fellowmen. I therefore say to you that side by side with your intellectual development must go your spiritual progress. These two things—unfortunately divorced in too many schools of learning—must go together; both were combined in this College from the very beginning. The idea upon which Notre Dame grew up was that education to be good and useful must be Christian.

And, after all, men must be prepared not for this life only, but for the life to come; hence the idea was to give young men a complete and perfect education, stimulating their intellectual powers, while not neglecting their spiritual wants; strengthening and furnishing both the one and the other. Therefore I ask you to pay attention to the instructions given in Catechism and Christian doctrine, to be attentive to the exercises of our holy religion, which you are privileged to attend week after week in this beautiful church, to drink in lessons of divine wisdom as they are expounded by your teachers. Understand once for all that your education grows upon the lines of pure intellectual and spiritual thought, that both are necessary to make you perfect men. This, I repeat was the leading idea in the foundation of Notre Dame. And the first founder of this home of learning—great and illustrious man that he was, a man who ranks with the early pioneers and great men of our civilization and of our country—had but this high object in view: not merely to form, but to send out, fit for our society, young men with a Christian education.

Now, my dear boys, if we belong by our soul to the world to come as we belong through our mind to this life, and if education for this life is necessary, is there not a preparation also required for the life to come? And if we are delighted with the information which we receive from scientific men, and if we are pleased with the wonderful wisdom apparent in human laws, are we not to be exceedingly grateful to Him from whom all law proceeds? And therefore the knowledge of our holy religion should come to us not only as a duty but as a joy. And we should long for the day when these mysteries of the kingdom of God are revealed to us, and the principles governing our spiritual life are explained. I think I

can speak to you more familiarly than anyone else, for I myself passed through this school forty years ago. I love to remember those years. I clearly recall, more than anything else, the instructions which we received as boys here from the lips of the venerable founder of this College, and from those commissioned by him to care for our spiritual welfare. Therefore have a care for your souls. Receive this retreat in which you are now engaged as a great grace given to you by Almighty God. Follow these instructions with the conviction that they are useful to build up in you a Christian manhood; come to your Sunday service with a feeling that you are going into the presence of Almighty God, that you are preparing for something high and noble in this life, to do some good, not for yourself alone but for your fellowmen.

The country needs rightly educated men. Education is the greatest power in the world, for evil as well as for good. Of itself, of course, it has no power; it is merely an instrument put into our hands; but one which we must wield for base purposes or for noble and high ones. The only power for good is man's will spiritualized and strengthened by God's grace. Many people have been going on for years under the assumption that mere secular knowledge is sufficient; but they are now beginning to realize that the evils which surround us are growing greater and stronger year by year throughout the country. There cannot be any ennobling power in education alone. It is but a means, and it is but a means that must be directed by another power. Education must be wielded by man's will, and man's will must be sanctified, elevated, spiritualized and strengthened by God's grace if it is to achieve any good. I ask you to take timely heed of these lessons because they come from educated minds. Though the halls of Congress are frequented by educated men they are not freer from corruption than those places in which ignorance abounds. Now to educate your will, to discipline your body, to teach you to keep your natural appetites under restraint, to keep your stronghand upon passion, to make you realize more deeply that you are children of God,—this above all is the object of a Christian education. There is a tendency in young boys to look on the religious side of education at college as rather unimportant; to fancy that, after all, they go to college not to be made good, but to be made learned. This is a sad mistake. You have come to college to be made *good men*.

There is a passage in one of Walter Scott's novels where a lad meets a Highland chief. On being asked: "Who are you?" the young fellow answers, "I am a man. I can be nothing greater." Now this is the object of your presence here: to engrave in your minds the purpose to become strong, truthful, honest, upright, God-fearing, God-loving *men*. First, to have character, then, with character, to have Christian education; but above all, to be men—honest, truthful, upright, frank, noble *men*. When you go out of this home of learning and virtue take with you the true principles of manhood. To your spiritual nature, above all, pay strict attention. Our Blessed Lord said: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto you." Seek first, then, the Kingdom of God and His justice; seek virtue, seek to direct your lives according to the divine order, seek to form your characters upon the principles of virtue, and then the other things, the secondary things of life, the things that are needed for the body only, will be given to you, if not superabundantly, at least sufficiently. During this retreat, then, ask Almighty God to give you light that you may seek the better and higher things of this life. Pray that you may become honest, upright, Christian men, prepared to do God's work in life, making of your souls a temple of virtue, permitting your influence to go abroad and uplift your fellow-men; then this college home will be the greatest of the blessings God has given you. It cannot do its work *without* your co-operation. A college is a trustee for its students; but it cannot treat students as it would trust funds, for trust funds are dead things, and they are moved at the will of the trustees; but boys have wills of their own, and they must co-operate with the work of the college professors that the work may go on. Therefore, give them loyal support. Prepare yourselves conscientiously for the work in after-life, and then your college will be proud of you; your *Alma Mater* will speak fondly of you as one of the boys that passed through her halls and gathered within them a rich harvest of wisdom and virtue.

THE idea of every true believer in education, of everyone that has a faith in the inner impulse that is irresistible, in the transforming influence of education, is to become more, to know more, to live more in communication with God and all that God has made.—*Bishop Spalding.*

## Varsity Verse.

## BETTER THAN PEARLS.

THE sunlight fell on the waters blue,  
As onward in silence the billows creep,  
Far down go the divers beneath the waves,  
And bring up pearls from the rolling deep.

Out on the beach where the breakers fall,  
And the grass lies dead 'round an aged stone,  
With tears welling up in her sad brown eyes,  
A pale-cheeked maiden was sitting alone.

"No jewels, nor wealth, nor gems I ask,  
Nor pearls from the deep, would I have," said she,  
"But who'll bring back to me the heart  
That lies buried deep in the dark blue sea."

P. J. R.

## THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

A romance—patch of green 'mid winter's snow—  
Read in the evening by the grate's dull glow;  
The pages turned; 'tis finished, cast aside,—  
Untold love forgot;—the world is wide.

E. J. M.

## HOW SHAKSPERE WROTE.

The Shakspeare cottage was gloomy  
On the weekly washing-day,  
And the great Bard of Avon was 'natty'  
From a loss of something to say,

He tried, but the words would not come,  
Tho' he brought his vast stock in play,  
To write,—"yes; that is the trouble,"  
In a wholly original way:

Till dim through the steam in the kitchen  
He saw his wife bend o'er the tub,  
Then thought came to him like a sunbeam,  
And he wrote: "Aye! there is the rub."

C. F. E.

## PHANTOM OF AN OLDEN JOKE.

"Scorned am I!" said the warrior bold;  
"Farewell false heart, do thou behold  
The doom thou send'st me to this day,—  
Henceforth at football will I play."

W. W. O'B.

## THE SWOLLEN STREAM.

In between the hills and ridges  
Came the rushing torrent;  
Hastening under little bridges,  
Moaning as in torment.

Now it runs beneath the willows,  
Now it sweeps the sedges,  
Ever breaking little billows  
On the stony ledges.

While I stand and watch it flowing  
Sunlight fades to moonbeam;  
Childhood runs to manhood, growing  
Like the waters of the stream.

T. A. M.



## Gothic Architecture.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN, '98.

When the mighty Roman empire was tottering on its foundation and crumbling beneath the tread of the barbarians, the Northern nations of Europe were arising from their half-savage state, and the dawn of their intellectual life was appearing. In the fourth century the arts, which were the great glory of Rome during her golden era, were rapidly fading away. Luxury, the destroyer of many nations, had perverted the taste of the Romans from the beautiful to the sensual. About this time numerous tribes from the North began to make inroads into the world's capital. When these wild and uncultured people, whose roof was the blue sky and whose bed was the green earth, beheld the mighty and magnificent structures of the queen of cities it was a delicious revelation to them. As a result of these incursions, the arts, sciences and habits of the Romans were brought to Northern Europe. Thus it was that the architecture of our ancestors began to blossom forth into the grandeur of later years.

This early style of architecture in the countries north of Rome is called old Gothic or Romanesque. The Doric and Corinthian are the roots of all European architecture. The Roman style came directly from the Greek; and to the latter they added the round arch. It is a well-known fact that the Gothic did not come from any pre-existing form among these nations, for its resemblance to the Roman type is clearly discernible. As the Goths did not possess the riches, nor the building material, nor the artistic training of the South, their architecture was at first very unpolished, and but a mere corruption of its model. At first they used wood alone, but as they advanced in skill and wealth they built most of their public edifices of stone. It had the characteristic round arch and dome of the Roman, but it was not so massive or rich. As time rolled on this style was cultivated and improved in all the northern countries; but there was a great diversity of form with each nation except in the essential lines. The nations that had the best communication with Rome, and were strengthened by the salutary influence of the Church, made rapid strides in architectural skill. When Rome was overshadowed by the darkness of her declining days, art fell away from its former grandeur. True beauty was no

longer recognized, and sensuality replaced it. This tendency drifted into the early Gothic, until the Christian religion purified it and pointed out the pathway to the beautiful.

In the twelfth century a complete revolution in the architecture of Europe occurred. This is the time which marks the beginning of the pointed Gothic style, that beautiful and graceful form in which many of the grandest edifices of Europe are constructed. There is a diversity of opinion as to its origin; but the most plausible is that it was introduced from the East. At that time the Crusades afforded communication between the West and the East, and it is highly probable that the crusaders received their first idea of this style of architecture from the Saracens. The Arabs pointed and foliated the arch; but in other respects there is very little resemblance between the pointed and any form of architecture existing in the East at that time. There is a theory that the pointed arch originated from the appearance of the overhanging boughs of trees. This soon became the prevalent style of architecture throughout Europe. The semicircular arch of the Romans was replaced by the pointed arch, and the tall, graceful spire was substituted for the ponderous dome. The pointed style afforded greater lightness and elegance and more skilful combinations than the unwieldy Roman and old Gothic styles; and although the two latter generally made use of more material, the former surpassed them in the skill of its construction. In the Greek architecture the massive column was one of the most essential parts, whereas in the pointed style columns were only secondary, and were generally light shafts used to support arches. The chief distinguishing marks of the pointed Gothic are the graceful pointed arch, numerous buttresses, lofty spires and large windows decorated with a profusion of ornaments throughout. The many mouldings which are peculiar to this style were delicately rounded, and sometimes gave forcible effects of light and shade. The vaulting shaft, which is now constructed so skilfully and adds beauty with strength to a building, was first used in Gothic architecture.

The Greeks were noted for their refined taste in architecture as well as in all the other arts which they practised. The unity and simplicity of their work was almost perfect. Their style of architecture was so well defined that it admitted of few changes. In these respects they were totally different from the nations of Northern Europe. The latter people loved

change, as we can see by the great variety of styles used in their architecture. Each country in which Gothic architecture was used had its peculiar tastes, and even among the same people the slope of roof, breadth of arch, or height of shaft was undefined. The roving, restless disposition of the Northern nations is well demonstrated by a certain roughness and lack of order in their architecture; whilst the polish of the Southern art is characteristic of these people. This roughness of the Gothic architecture does not, however, detract from its beauty. The foliage and other ornaments used in Gothic architecture were very true to nature, whereas the Romans used conventional ornamentation. This love for the natural produced one of the chief beauties of Gothic architecture.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the rapid progress made in the intellectual development of this age than by looking at the grand monuments of architectural skill then produced. Religion was not only the prime incentive to this work, but always has fostered it, as can be seen from the grand edifices for religious worship throughout Europe. Religion and true art go hand in hand, and where the former has no influence the latter inevitably crumbles to ruin. About the time of the introduction of pointed Gothic architecture, men also began to take more pride in the embellishment of their private homes; and so we see a great advance in home comforts and beauty. Perhaps the two grandest examples of pointed architecture are the cathedrals of Notre Dame at Paris and Cologne. The cathedral of Cologne is built according to the German style which is more massive than the French or English styles. Its construction was begun in 1248, but it was left unfinished when the Italian architecture began to replace the Gothic. It was finished about ten years ago. It is built in the form of a cross, and possesses two graceful spires five hundred feet high. The decorations are very profuse and beautiful; the huge vaults are masterpieces of workmanship and art; and its large windows have delicate traceries which were lacking in the Grecian and Roman architecture. It is the greatest standing monument of the skill and art displayed by our ancestors of Northern Europe in architecture.

In England, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, the pointed style assumed the form now called Tudor Gothic. Westminster Abbey is a type of this kind. It consists

of a mingling of the pointed and Italian styles. The Italians never progressed very far in their knowledge of the pointed Gothic, but they formed a style of their own according to the laws of Vitruvius, which resulted in a blending of Roman and Grecian architecture. About the same time that the change occurred in England, the other European countries began to make use of the Italian form of architecture, and the pointed was either not used at all, or when it was, it became a mere corruption of its former beauty. It is often said that the people of our age are devoid of the sentiment of the beautiful in art. This, however, is not wholly true; for in this century men have recognized the grace and beauty of the architecture and other arts of their forefathers, and have developed them among all civilized nations.

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In the South.

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THOMAS A. MEDLEY, '98.

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"If I catch that boy of yours in the stable pond again," said Col. Bennet to a negro farm-hand, "I will flog the life out of him. I never bring a visitor here to see my horses, but I find that black scamp in the pond. Come out this minute, you scoundrel!" cried the Colonel stamping his foot and shaking his cane threateningly at a bunch of black wool floating on the water. "Do you hear me! Come out!" And immediately a small negro boy emerged from the pond and rapidly retreated over the opposite bank.

Henry Clay Bennet was the boy against whom this malediction was pronounced. He had been honored with the full name of the Colonel, but he was usually called Clay. He was twelve years of age, black as burnt cork, and his physiognomy did not vary in the least from the traditional features of his race. He spent most of his time swimming and playing around the pond; though he always slept for an hour or so every day under the shade of some big tree. When it rained he would pass away the time catching mice in the corn-bin. There was one feat, however, in the performance of which he especially prided himself: There was a board on the side of the barn nearest the pond, which reached from the hay-loft window to the ground, and was separated from the boards on either side of it by a space of half an inch. There was no especial reason why this board did not fit tightly like the

others, but Clay found it most convenient to help him to pass away the time. He would set his fingers and toes on either side of it and thus climb to the hay-loft window from which he would dive into the pond.

Clay's only ambition was to act as footman for the family carriage on Sundays. Indeed, this was the only thing about which he ever reflected, and it had taken so deep a root in his heart that it became the subject of his every dream. He often fancied himself dressed in a purple livery and sitting up behind the carriage as it went rolling off towards the church. Often had he asked this permission of Col. Bennet—keeping at a safe distance from his cane—but was either not answered at all or told to keep silence. Sometimes the Colonel would give him a five-cent piece and tell him to run off and play; for the Colonel did not believe in making "youngsters" work. He always said that "negroes will make better workmen in their maturer years if they are not pushed too hard while young." But more often Clay received only a threatening look and an imperative order to keep away from the pond.

It was in the month of September when Mrs. Browne and her three little children came out from the city to spend a week with her father Col. Bennet. The Colonel was very fond of his grandchildren, and the children in turn were equally fond of him, and very much delighted with Clay. "So beautifully black and such white teeth!" exclaimed Ruth, the youngest of the children, in describing Clay to her mother. Indeed it was Clay's duty to amuse the children. He used all of his ingenuity, and succeeded remarkably well.

One afternoon the children went to the stable and began to play hide-and-seek in the hay. Clay was not with them; for the Colonel had sent him on an errand. The children had not been playing very long before a fire broke out in the front end of the stable. The two older children discovered it, and, wild with fright, they rushed out and gave the alarm. They were so frightened that they forgot all about little Ruth. She was securely hid in the hay and did not hear the shouts of her sister and brother. She peeped out from her hiding-place to see if there was a chance for her to get to her base, and then it was she saw the flames. There was no chance for her to get out by the front entrance, and—though she did not think how quickly it would burn—the blaze would soon reach the hay-loft. The poor child, scarcely four years of age, was frantic. She ran to the rear of the

stable and found the hay-loft window open.

In a few minutes the alarm was spread, and Colonel Bennet—his wife having fainted, his daughter stayed with her—together with the cook, housemaids, and workmen were yelling and trying to save the horses. Suddenly the cry of "Ruth! Ruth!" and the little girl was seen standing in the window just above the pond. "Save her," shouted Colonel Bennet, "and you can have whatever you wish!" The men looked from one to another, and a woman ran to fetch a ladder.

A loud splash was heard in the water, and Clay, who had just returned from his errand, was seen swimming towards the centre of the stable, for there was no walk between it and the pond. Clay scaled the stable wall as he had often done before. He grasped the board, which has already been described, and climbed it hand over hand style, using feet as well as hands, though each hand and foot was separated by nearly twelve inches. He reached the top, took little Ruth gently in his arms, and, pressing her close to his bosom, dived into the pond.

Clay easily carried his burden to the bank amid the applause of all. Ruth was a little nervous for a day or so; but it is needless to say that her rescuer dresses in the purple livery of a footman.

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For Her own True Love.

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JOHN J. DOWD, '99.

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The incident that I am about to relate did not occur long ago in a far-off land. The scene of its movement is not laid in a gloomy castle, impregnated from turret to donjon-keep with grim traditions, and so the story was never woven into a "Children of the Abbey," or a "Bride of Lammermoor." Some of the actors in it are still alive, in fact; and the only fictitious part of the narrative is their names and that of the locality.

The first time I heard the tale myself was one summer's day while out driving with Father Dywer, the parish priest of Pecatonica. He had been stationed there for over thirty years, and as we rode along he pointed out this place and that, and related its history. Here was a meadow where he had seen a herd of deer in the early days. In front and toward the left was the river, along which the pioneers always built their log-houses. On the



edge of the timber that fringed the stream stood a majestic old oak, under which,—so said the oldest inhabitants,—Black Hawk had gathered his dusky warriors one spring morning in 1832, and told them that they must take the war-path. He told them with an Indian's eloquence, the magnetism of a leader's eye and the charm of a superb physique, that the time had come to exterminate the pale-face, the usurper who uprooted the beautiful prairie-flowers, and drove the deer from the hunting grounds of the Sachs and Foxes.

Finally Father Dywer pointed impressively toward a house past which we rode, and I knew that an interesting story was forthcoming. Yet there was nothing odd or terrible about the dwelling. It may have been a little lonely there—a wood on the one side, an undulating prairie on the other. The house itself was a plain, frame structure, a substantial farm house, while the only monster visible was a worthless pug in ill-fitting hide, which ran after us, but was quickly exorcised by my using the buggy whip as a magic wand.

"About thirteen years ago," Father Dywer began, "there lived in that house with his wife and family a man named Eyerly. He and the boys worked hard, his wife and daughters were industrious, and he was fast becoming a well-to-do farmer. They were Catholics and never neglected religious duties; but, beyond going to church, they mingled little with the people of the neighborhood. One of the girls—Eliza they called her—attracted attention wherever she went, and soon had more suitors than most rustic beauties. She was a tall, well-formed girl, a brunette; but the smile beneath that raven hair and deep dark eyes was more trusting and less haughty than is usual in her type. For a time she treated all admirers impartially. Finally a young man named Harvey won her. They were soon to be married, when a lawyer from a distant city happened to come this way on business. Near the Eyerly home his horse shied; he was thrown out and considerably injured. He was carried to Eyerly's, and remained under Eliza's care for a few weeks.

"It was a case of love at first sight on his part. Eliza was kind to him, even a confidante of his joys and sorrows; but when he proposed marriage, she refused him gently and decidedly. He was a lawyer, and members of that guild are not easily rebuffed; so he appealed to another court, her parents. When assured of his wealth and position all the household ranged itself on his side, but it was of no avail.

"The parents forbade her to attend social gatherings where she might meet Harvey, and watched her carefully at home. The lawyer was honorable enough to relinquish his suit; but parental wrath was not appeased, and one day Harvey received a note from Eliza requesting that their engagement be considered over. He left the village then and has not been heard of since. She appeared less and less in public; so when it became noised around that she had entered a convent, it was generally believed. The Eyerly family kept closer than ever. The younger members were never seen at country dances or husking bees. Soon the father and mother who became more devout as their children degenerated, were the only ones seen in the family pew.

"Things went on in this way for a long time. No one went to the Eyerly homestead except on business, and then their visits were shortened as much as possible. Vague stories began to circulate about this locality. One had heard a ghostly shriek as he passed the house at dusk. A crowd of revellers returning from a dance had been awed into silence by an apparition that strode with uplifted arms toward them. Some saw it before it disappeared, others did not, but all were frightened. In spite of the various surmises of the old men and the young, none seemed to be able to solve the mystery of the cries and the apparition—if it were an apparition. There was no satisfactory explanation.

"Eyerly aged greatly after his daughter's disappearance, and I was not surprised when the village doctor drove to my house one night in March, and told me that the old man was dying. We hastened to his bedside, but he was almost gone. The doctor left the room while I prepared to hear his confession. As I knelt beside the dying man demoniacal yells and laughter rang through the house. The old man shuddered, and his features worked with pitiable earnestness as he strove to control his hands that would involuntarily rise to shield him from something above. I opened the door and found the doctor as much alarmed as myself. We rushed upstairs, guided by the weird cries, and located the room from which they proceeded. The door was barred, but the key was in the lock. We turned it and opened the door. There, in tattered garments, a victim of parents' vindictiveness, stood Eliza Eyerly—mad, while in the room below her father's hands had fallen to his side, and his ghastly features were cold in death."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Through the kindness of Mr. F. Henry Wurzer and Mr. Frank Dreher, whom we shall call our stenographers, the SCHOLASTIC is able to print in full the address of Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan to the students. As far as practical advice goes, the words are invaluable to those beginning a college course. On several occasions before this Mr. Wurzer and Mr. Dreher have kindly come to the aid of the scrambling reporters, and have given the crying printer copy.

—On Monday the annual retreat for the Catholic students of the University was finished. There is no doubt that every one appreciated the sermons of Rev. Father Doyle, and took to heart the precepts and principles of which he spoke. Nor were these intended to be merely of passing moment. They are to be kept fresh in memory; to guide for a lifetime those who heard them. This opportunity is valued almost too lightly by many of the students. Here at Notre Dame we are living in a world of our own,—shut out from the cares and distracting influence of the busy life in the cities. We are here to cultivate our minds and our hearts; for, as all great teachers say, mind and morals, or education and religion, go hand in hand. One without the other must travel lamely at best. Education for happiness in this world—

for in knowledge is the ability to see the beauties and goods of earth—morals for happiness in the next, this is the dictum of poets and philosophers. But these cannot be separated: for one is necessary to the other, and works in a measure with the other. To be happy in this life one must be pure in heart; and, as the beatitude says, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Since all of us are searching for happiness, the end of living, let us keep in mind the words we heard during the retreat, and remain true to the principles given us.

—It seems just now that the skies have opened and poured down upon us a flood of short stories, most of them having the same conventional plot, and the ending in which "and they lived happily forever after" of the fairy-tales is put in words little different. At present most of the writers have delved into the manners of the far West, and found a story in which the irrepressible "Bill" and "Hank" are sure to appear. If it becomes a necessity to print the deeds of these much-used heroes, we shall call them "William" and "Henry," make their "six-shooters" harmless toy pistols, and label the manuscript "A Story for Children."

The short story, although used commonly by authors of fiction, is a most difficult form of literature to write. One must have a keen insight into human nature, know literary psychology, and study carefully the characteristics of those about whom one is to write. Besides this—which is a lifelong study—the tale must be told smoothly, the essential parts must be separated from the irrelevant; and skill in doing this seems to be a gift of nature, just as it is given to the real artist who draws a picture for us with a few strokes of the pen.

Among the authors of the short story Guy de Maupassant is placed among those who have attained the greatest success and skill; and to gain this success he labored for years, as he himself says in the preface of one of his books; wrote and rewrote the same story, and when he made it as perfect as he then could, he destroyed it, and began anew the same task with another subject. For all this work learned to write the *Necklace*, which in itself is only an incident, with which an unskilled writer would have labored in vain to make an interesting story. Short as it is it contains more than a volume of some other writers, and is less easily forgotten. The triumph of the young wife over

her success, the pride of the husband, the misery and distress, all shown in a few words, show De Maupassant's power of characterization and study of life.

Some one, I believe, has said that the charm of a short story lay in the telling of it. That this is true for the most part will not be denied. Everyone has heard cleverly told stories that were made of the smallest incident; and in attempting to repeat them failed entirely.

I would compare the story to a sketch, and the novel to a large painting. In the sketch a few bold lines and dashes make a picture that is full of life and feeling. Just as one artist's sketch of a model takes in everything in a few lines and is especially charming, another's sketch, carefully made, would be dull and lifeless; so the short story of one teller is much better liked than a long story of another on the same subject. To tell an incident with interest takes natural skill, study of life, and patient study of letters. With this little admonition and talk I would say to our story-tellers, that, though the literary essay also requires personality and good writing, it can be made interesting in the hands of a student who is bold enough to write his own thoughts, and who writes them in good English.

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#### Sorin Hall's Opening.

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Last Wednesday night when the last Brownsonite had rolled into bed and the Carrollites were far into the land of dreams, the members of Sorin Hall were making the night glorious with music and games. The occasion was the formal opening of the new reading and billiard room.

About eight o'clock the doors were opened, the Orchestra seated in the right wing of the spacious room struck up a march, and the students filed in to view the results of Brother Gregory's untiring efforts since the opening of the year.

It was, indeed, a pretty sight. The windows were banked with flowers, and the new tables were covered with magazines and periodicals of every description. Cards and games of all kinds were in readiness, and it was not long before the click of billiard balls and the merry hum of voices were to be heard. The card tables were as quickly filled, and every game, from "Old Maid" to "Seven Up" was soon in progress. Then came the cigars and cigarettes, and the air grew gray with smoke.

The music of the Orchestra was especially fine. It is known as the "Sorin Hall Orchestra," and is composed of Messrs. "Vic" and Tom O'Brien, Steiner, Dukette, Murphy, Rowan, McCormack and Kegler. The students were honored by the presence of the President and members of the Faculty, and it was long into the night before the pleasures of the evening were laid aside.

The new reading-room is a model of neatness and comfort, and the students of Sorin Hall may be congratulated upon having such a pleasant and cheerful place to profitably while away the recreation hours of the long and cheerless winter months.

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#### Banquet of the Boat Club.

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When the clock in the church tower struck "one" Thursday afternoon, and the members of the University Boat Club were still waiting in the parlor for the signal which was to call them to the annual banquet of the University Boat Club, some slight grumbling, born of a sharpened appetite, was heard, and many wanted to know "when's this thing coming off?" It did come off, however; and what a sumptuous spread it was!

The old adage, "Make yourself useful as well as ornamental," was aptly illustrated in the case of forty or fifty ducks that ornamented the lake down at the boat-house. They were put to a better purpose Thursday, and as a result many a robust oarsman is taking a rest today. The dinner was served in five courses, and embraced all that constitutes a first-class banquet spread.

Jerome J. Crowley, the efficient toast-master, called upon the Rev. President, who addressed the members of the club in a few words, congratulating them on their successful past, and wishing them a brilliant future. Mr. Charles M. Niezer, one of our orators, also cleverly responded to a toast, and was followed by Mr. Hering. Mr. Hering delivered one of his clever addresses, commending in an able manner, athletics as a promoter of moral and intellectual training.

Father Regan, the Director of the boat club, deserves credit for the success of the banquet. It was wisely and systematically arranged, and the memory of the feast will long live in the minds of boat-club members.

L. C. M. R.

## Effect of the Crusades.

For some modern writers the Crusades are an object of scorn. Prejudiced historians assert that these holy wars were prompted by unworthy motives; that great cruelties were practised in carrying them on; that they were disastrous in their results. Recent research into the history of the Middle Ages has thrown new light on this period.

It should be remembered that the Crusades were directed against a people that spread their faith by persecution, fire and sword. Mahomet, the founder of this religious sect, set the example of lust and the full enjoyment of the animal passions. Possessed of great enthusiasm and desperate courage, he sought to establish his religion, not by the power of miracles, but by force. These qualities he instilled into his followers to a remarkable degree.

The hearts of the Saracens could not be touched by reason. Born to fight, they imbibed the spirit of war with their mother's milk. From the time that Mahomet's successor, Abu-Beker, invaded Syria we behold during a century a succession of conquests unparalleled in history. Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt and Rhodes soon fell under the Mussulman yoke. The resistance offered by these countries served only to increase the conquering spirit of the enemy. Like a tornado, they swept everything before them. At the beginning of the eighth century they had overrun Spain, the greater part of Italy, and had advanced into the heart of France. All Europe trembled at their onward march. Not until 732, when met at Tours and Poitiers by the famous Charles Martel, did they receive a decided check.

It was against this untamed people that the Crusades were aimed. Their primary object was to rescue the Holy Land from the grasp of these infidels. The European powers also saw that they must fight this enemy to prevent his overrunning their domains. Thousands rejoiced to go with the expeditions fitted out. At home, under the yoke of feudalism, the lower classes were little better than slaves. Bound down by the exactions of this system, they sought relief in foreign lands, and marched bravely over the plains and mountains of Asia Minor.

By engaging the feudal barons abroad, the Crusades brought about internal peace. The fierce Normans, who would have impeded civ-

ilization along the shores of the Baltic, found an outlet for their warlike ardor in Palestine. Germany was thus freed from a horde of barbarians that lived by plunder. During the long absence of the barons, European kings regained the power lost through granting lands in return for military service. Feudalism was weakened and the way was paved for its downfall. The stable governments of today owe much to the Crusades.

Swerved by prejudice, people are likely to forget the good accomplished, and to think more of the two millions of lives that were lost during these two centuries. This number is not great when compared with the countless legions sacrificed by Roman emperors, those who were killed in the Hundred Years' War, or the multitude slain in the single battle of Angora.

To the Crusades is due the impetus given to commerce in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Then silks, glassware, spices, drugs and many other valuable articles were brought from Damascus and Tyre by the Venetians. By reason of this commerce the foundations of prosperity in Belgium, Holland and France were laid.

In giving this momentum to commerce, letters and the sciences were benefited. Speaking of this, Cantu says: "Since it is certain that the Crusades retarded the fall of Constantinople, I believe that literature profited by them; for Europe was not yet sufficiently mature to receive the classics there preserved, as she did in the fifteenth century."

The peace secured gave opportunities for intellectual development. The principal universities of Europe were founded during or immediately after the Crusades. Among these are Padua, Paris, Vienna, Lisbon, Cambridge and Oxford.

Finally, we should remember the noble spirit that prompted these holy wars. The crusaders should not be censured if in their ardor they sometimes hunted down the Saracens like wild beasts. Spurred on by the obstinacy of the enemy, their burning zeal urged unrelenting severity. It is true, they did not achieve their primary object; but they checked the onward march of the infidels; they gave up their lives in defence of a worthy principle. Schism in the Church and jealousies among princes proved insurmountable obstacles. The impossible could not be accomplished. W. C. McDONOUGH.

## Books and Magazines.

—The October *Ave Maria* presents an unusually interesting collection of stories, essays and sketches. A glance over the names of the contributors reveals many of the leading writers of the day, and this fact alone speaks for the literary merits of the magazine. In between choice essays are bits of light verse and clever stories that add much to the general excellence of the paper, and make it interesting for old and young alike. The columns given to "Notes and Remarks" take the place of editorials, and deal, for the most part, with the leading questions of the day—social, religious and political. The opening essay, on "Trades-Unions in the Middle Ages," by the Reverend Reuben Parsons, D. D., is a history of labor organizations as they existed long ago. It is especially interesting at the present time, when there is so much trouble between organized laborers and their employers. The paper on the "Tragedy of Deirdre" gives us a good notion of the characters and of the plot of one of the best poems of the Irish language. This paper contains many quotations from the original, which are remarkable for their force and beauty. There are several serials running in this number of the magazine that are very interesting and well written.

—The *Cosmopolitan* for November has a variety of interesting reading-matter. Julian Hawthorne finishes his report of the condition of India, and gives several pictures of beautiful places. The pastel-like production of Lucile Rutland is called a poem; in it are broken the lenient laws of metre of Walt Whitman. It is prose; nothing else.

The castle of the Thane of Cawdor is the most interesting article of the number. To those interested in the scene of the killing of King Duncan by Macbeth it is especially instructive. The War with Spain is another story of the imaginative type like the Martians, which, by the way, must soon come to its end. Julien Gordon's story of Mrs. Clyde drags somewhat. As far as the characterization goes—the attempts and failures and successes of Mrs. Clyde's ambition—it is fairly good. The story lacks incident, so that it is little more than a psychological study, and not very well written. Cleveland Moffet's story, Husband Number Seven, brings the reader into the mazes of a myster-plot, and leaves him there to find his way out.

## Exchanges.

We hope the *Princeton Tiger* will continue the "Educational Department" for a few weeks longer. The queries and answers may not be of the highest form of humor, but they are very amusing, nevertheless. "A little nonsense now and then," etc.

\* \* \*

We regret exceedingly to learn that the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index* has passed over the great divide. We did not know the gentleman personally, in fact we never even saw him; but he was as real to us nevertheless as our own brother. We loved to picture him as a flaxen-haired, cherub-faced youth, with a winning smile, and a disposition as sweet as the festive gum-drop. There was more than mere prettiness about him, too; for deep down in his liquid eyes we could see fire glowing there, a gimme-a-quart-of-ink-and-a-gross-of-pens expression that was sublime. His death was not mentioned in any of the great American or European dailies; no sweet girl editors wrote verses about it for the college papers, and his name was not even dropped from the "Roll of Honor." We feel safe, however, in assuring the public that he "has went," as Bill Nye would say; for the *Index* reached our sanctum the other day and there was not a word about the SCHOLASTIC in it. If the old exchange editor lived this could not be. Even if he were deaf, dumb and blind and had both arms paralyzed he would get something about us in that *Index* if he had to write it with his feet. R. I. P.

\* \* \*

The letters from the exchange editors of some of our college contemporaries, explaining the non-arrival of their papers, are very amusing. After reading them we have begun to pride ourselves upon the prompt appearance of the SCHOLASTIC at the beginning of the session. And it has been issued with clock-work regularity ever since. We have received letters from the editors of some of our very best exchanges in which they wail loudly that they cannot "get 'em together." The "'em" refers to their student contributors. The SCHOLASTIC Editor has "troubles of his own," too; but his life is the sweetest story ever told compared to the trials of a college editor in the East, who wrote us that from the rising to the setting of the sun he had been "everything from editor-in-chief to printer's-devil"; and his paper has not reached our sanctum yet.



## Our Friends.

—Mr. Hugh C. Mitchell, '95, is taking a special course in engineering in the post-graduate school of the Catholic University.

—Mr. John B. Meagher, '89, was married during the past month to Miss Mary Kelly of St. Paul, Minn. Mr. and Mrs. Meagher are living in Mankato, Minn. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the new couple all happiness and success.

—Many of the old students will be surprised to learn that Mr. Arthur Mulberger is now taking a post-graduate course at Harvard. It is left to him and Tom Cavanagh to talk of the "old days" during the long evenings.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95, is practising law with Mr. John S. Hummer in Chicago. If Mr. Murphy can manage a law practice as well as he can a football team—and we have no doubt that he can—he will be a judge of the Supreme Court before many years.

—Mr. A. Fuchs, a prominent florist of Chicago, visited his son of the Minim Department last week. While here he presented a number of beautiful palms and ferns to the University. Mr. Fuchs had the distinction of receiving the only award made to florists at the World's Fair.

—Mr. A. J. Thaler, student, '69, made a pleasant visit to the University on Thursday. Mr. Thaler is now one of the firm of Thaler Brothers, Chicago. This was his first visit here for many years, and he was very much gratified to see the many improvements that have been made during his absence.

—Among the late visitors to the University were the Misses Ryan of Hancock, Mich.; Misses Tuohy and Kasper of Chicago who visited their Brothers of Brownson Hall. They were accompanied by Miss Tormey of Niles, and Miss Beck of Chicago. The young ladies are all graduates of St. Mary's Academy.

—William H. J. Tiernan, Law, '89, died at his home, Chelsea, Mass., about two weeks ago. There are no students here now that knew him during his college days; but he is well remembered by many members of the Faculty and others at Notre Dame, who will be grieved to hear of his death. Mr. Tiernan had rapidly forged to the front in the Suffolk bar, and at the time of his death he had an extensive practice.

—We are always happy to learn of the success of Notre Dame's sons who have left the University. It has given us much pleasure, therefore, to hear that Mr. F. P. McManus, Law, '96, has acquired a large practice in Boston, and that he is rapidly coming to the front as a political speaker. During the campaign just past in New York, Mr. McManus delivered two speeches before Tammany, both of which were very well received.

## Local Items.

—Land has suddenly discovered that he is a sprinter. He can run around the Carroll Hall campus in ten minutes.

—"Sheekey's Colts" defeated T. Naughton's team Sunday, and the "Crackerjacks" Thursday. The score in both games was 6 to 0.

—Capt. Mullen will, without doubt, be delighted to hear that Carlos Hinze intends to practise for substitute centre. He has all (!) the requirements.

—DUKETTE: "I hope the moon doesn't join the Temperance Society."

ROWAN: "Why?"

DUKETTE: "It only shines when it is full."

—THE ST. CECILIANS held their sixth regular meeting Wednesday evening. Messrs. J. Mulcare, J. W. Ryan and S. Kelly were elected members of the society. The program was very interesting. The debate: "Resolved, That every student should be compelled to take outdoor exercise was decided in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Becker entertained the society with selections on the mandolin.

—During the past week, Mr. Fennessey, Treasurer of the Athletic Association, was much gratified to receive a donation of forty-five dollars for the association from an alumnus. The students appreciate this generosity very much, especially at this time when the association is in much need of financial aid. We should like to publish the name of the contributor, but he is too modest to allow it to be mentioned. May success be ever his! Just a few more alumni with hearts as big would put the association out of debt.

—Professor Stagg of the University of Chicago, in a recent letter to Manager O'Malley, denies the newspaper reports that his team today would be composed mostly of scrubs. He says: "You need have no fear that I shall play the scrub-team against you. I shall put in the best team that I can get together. I have never given forth any other idea." The students may rest assured, then, that our Varsity is battling this afternoon against one of the best—if not the best—team in the West. It will be no disgrace to lose to such a team; and if we win—well, the heat will be excessive in the old town tonight.

—The Philopatrians, the banner society of Carroll Hall in years gone by, were organized last Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: Honorary Director, Father Cavanaugh; Literary Critic, Father Hudson; Musical Director, Prof. N. A. Preston; Promoter, Brother Cyprian; 1st. Vice-President, P. Mulcare; 2d. Vice-President, Sheekey; Recording Secretary, A. Gibbons; Corresponding Secretary, J. Morgan; Treasurer, Wm. McNichols; 1st Censor, L. Maher; 2d Censor, Davidson; Historian, L. Garrity; Librarian, D. Padden;

Sergeant-at-Arms, F. Naughton. An interesting program was arranged for the next meeting. Judging from the material among the present members, the society shall easily gain its former prestige, and make the St. Cecilians look well to their laurels.

—THE SCHOLASTIC INFORMATION BUREAU. This column has been established to attempt to satisfy the public's thirst for knowledge. The most interesting of the letters of inquiry which the editor receives and their answers will be printed from time to time. If your communication does not appear within two years, notify the editor. The editor will answer only serious inquiries.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—How is CAT spelled?

ORTHOGRAPHY.

ED.—F-e-l-i-n-e.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Who invented the steam engine? And if so, which?

L. McGlucke.

ED.—You probably mean W(h)at(t).

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—If a golf player stymies his bunker with his caddie and has no brassie, how should he hold his putter?

GUFF.

ED.—With his hands.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—We have in Sorin Hall mandolins, guitars, ocarinas, cornets, German pianos, violins, jewsharps, trombones, harmonicas, French horns, flutes, banjos and Mr. Willie O'Brien. Don't you think it would be nice to add a quartette of bagpipes?

A MUSICIAN.

ED.—By all means. Also get a brass band, a piano, a lute—you have galoots—also a bass drum stuffed with dynamite. The editor wishes you all possible success. NOTE. Hit the drum hard.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Last night as I was practising on my trombone in my room, some horrid boy shouted: "Ring off!" I took off my ring—the one mamma gave me or not going to see Nellie Jones—and threw it over the ransom. Do you think he got it?

FRESHMAN.

S. Newer mind, Mister Editor. The janitor gave me the ring this morning. He said he found it on the floor. Mamma says Nellie Jones was making a fool of me. I don't think she was, do you?

ED.—The gentleman who shouted "Ring off" probably intended his remarks for his alarm-clock. Ask Nellie Jones.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—If A can eat a dozen oysters (fried) in three minutes, and B can walk a mile in ten minutes, and Fitzmimons knocked out Corbett in fourteen rounds, what time is it?

BOTANIST.

ED.—It is now 3 o'clock a. m. The editor has just arrived from a meeting held for the discussion of a curfew ordinance. Twenty-one hours from now it will be tomorrow. If you are not awake by that time write to the Weather Bureau.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Is it good form to wear colored hose (socks) at a funeral? I hope it won't rain on Thanksgiving day, don't you?

G. GEEGAN.

ED.—No. Yes.

—Although Sorin Hall has one of the neatest and prettiest reading-rooms at the University, where all the standard magazines and humorous papers of the country may be found, where billiards, cards and games of all kinds are at the disposal of the students, still this pleasant state of things will not continue as long as there are those who are so selfish and utterly neglectful of the consideration of others. Certain students should remember that by using things solely for their individual pleasure, many other stu-

dents who have as good a right to enjoy them are prevented from doing so. It is deeply to be regretted that there are such selfish fellows in Sorin Hall; and we hope that those students who appropriated the cards to their own exclusive use, will return the same. If they are that badly in need of even a deck of cards, a subscription might be taken up to satisfy their wants. Let's have no more of it.

—At the organization of the Total Abstinence Society Monday evening, sixty-five students of the Senior Department of the University pledged themselves to teetotalism for the scholastic year. The following officers were elected: Promoter, Rev. P. P. Cooney; Spiritual Director, Reverend James J. Burns; President, Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessey; Vice-President, Mr. John F. Fennessey; Treasurer, Mr. Jerome Crowley; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Edward Collins; Secretary, James H. McGinnis; Mr. Crowley delivered a declamation that was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. At the next meeting of the society each member is supposed to deliver a five minutes' talk on some phase of total abstinence.

The Carroll Hall branch of the Temperance Society was reorganized last Monday afternoon. Father Doyle gave a short but interesting address. The following officers were elected: Spiritual Promoter, Rev. P. P. Cooney; President, Rev. Father Burns; Vice-President, F. O'Brien; Secretary, J. Kuntz; Treasurer, J. Morgan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Wm. McNichols. After arranging a program for the next meeting, the society adjourned.

#### List of Excellence.

##### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Advanced Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Girsch, P. Kuntz, T. Condon, Krug, Richon, Shiels. *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Sheehan, Mingey. *Logic*—Messrs. Dowd, E. Brown, Delaney. *Latin*—Messrs. M. Oswald, Trahey, Baldwin, DeLorimier, St. J. O'Sullivan, Marr, Mathias Oswald. *Greek*—Messrs. M. Oswald, Gallagher, Schumacher, Trahey, Byrne, Barthel, DeLorimier, V. Dwyer, Long, Moynihan, McGinnis. *Analytical Mechanics*—W. Geoghegan. *Astronomy*—E. Delaney. *Descriptive Geometry*—Kegler. *Railroad Surveying*—Kegler. *Chemistry*—V. Dwyer. *Qualitative Analysis*—G. Stuhlfauth. *Analytical Geometry*—J. Carlton. *Trigonometry*—R. McIntyre. *Calculus*—J. Nieuwland. *Valve Gears*—E. Pulskamp. *Kinematics*—R. Palmer. *Physics*—Messrs. E. Jackson, A. Kachur. *Advanced Physics*—M. Neville. *Electrical Engineering*—M. Condon. *Electrical Laboratory*—E. Jackson. *Dynamo Electrical Machinery*—E. Pulskamp. *Geometry*—Messrs. T. Murray, R. Garza, Smoger, G. Marr. *Algebra*—Messrs. Smoger, Dominguez. *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. Dowd, Mingey, Medley. *Literary Criticism*—F. O'Malley. *Literature*—Messrs. Dukette, Campbell. *Advanced Law*—Wurzer. *Law*—Messrs. Baldwin, W. Monahan. *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Becker, Fitzwilliam. *Political Economy*—T. Dillon. *Mythology*—Messrs. T. Dillon, J. O'Sullivan. *English History*—Messrs. Cornell, Furry. *Modern History*—Messrs. F. Malloy, J. Daly, Ensign. *Botany*—Messrs. Barthel, J. F. Daly. *Advanced Botany*—J. Nieuwland. *Bacteriology*—Messrs. E. Falvey, Grady. *Elementary Animal Histology*—G. Lins. *Human Anatomy*—Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Piquette. *Physiology*—Messrs. Byrne, McConn, Girsch.

## PREPARATORY AND COMMERCIAL COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. Curtis, Gibbons, V. Dwyer, McSorley, J. Sheekey, Buck, J. Reilly, Baloun, Cavanaugh, Collins, J. Hesse, Conway, C. Corley, Doherty, Koehler, Spalding, M. Flannigan, Hoover, Lampert, W. Berry, Metcalf, O'Connor, Schubert, Tuohy, J. Ward, Dooley. *Latin*—Messrs. Adams, Bohnert, L. Beardslee, Clyne, Duffy, Curtis, M. Daly, Dalton, Dillon, Ellwanger, Fink, Glynn, L. Garrity, J. Hesse, Hogan, Kirkland, Lampert, Luken, McNichols, McSorley, Meagher, Morgan, Morrisson, P. O'Brien, Petritz, R. Reed, F. Smoger, Sibley, J. Daly, Sorski, Krug, Buse, Richon, Fitzwilliam, Wagenman, O'Reilly, Rahe, Sauer, Tuohy, Walsh, C. Flannigan, Wilson, B. Malloy, Brogan, H. Barry, Crunican, Lins, Dwan, Donahue, Davis, Dooley, Ensign, Farley, Farragher. *Greek*—Messrs. Marr, Darron, De Wolf, Doherty, Heiser, M. Walsh, Taylor, Littig, T. Murray, Quinlan, Sutton, Schubert, Werk. *Algebra*—Messrs. F. O'Brien, McKeon, Werk, Sibley, Graham, Metcalf, *Book-keeping*—Messrs. Nolan, J. Naughton, Schmitt, Hubbard, Vogt, Longan, Mulcrone, S. Jackson. *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Cavanaugh, Drejer, Desmond, Fetherstone, Graham, Koehler, A. Kasper, Longan, Wieczorek, Davidson, Curtis, Ellwanger, Elitch, P. Kuntz, Adams, J. Kelly, Quinlan, Brann, F. Brown, McFarland, Burg, Bohner, Crowley, Baloun. *Composition*—Messrs. Gorski, Sutton, Vogt, F. Dwyer, Hubbard. *Grammar*—Messrs. Darron, Brann, Longan, Elitch, Wieczorek, Tomlinson, Leffingwell, Malone, Wheelock, Edgerton, F. Brown, Donsett, J. Smith. *Reading*—Messrs. Farragher, Hanley, Herbert, W. Ward, Schwanz, L. Garrity, McConnell, Spillard, Ferstl, Edgerton, A. Hunter. *Special Orthography*—Messrs. De Wolf, J. Mulcare, Morgan, F. Bouza, Harrington, Holahan, Koehler, S. Jackson, Hubbard. *Orthography*—Messrs. Edgerton, R. Kasper, Luken, Scheftels, G. Weidmann, L. Garrity, Spillard, Bloch, Schwanz, Schwartz, Baloun. *Geography*—Messrs. Baloun, Drejer, Schoonover, Schwartz, Hanley, Ferstl, Bloch, Morrissey, Edgerton, G. Weidman. *United States History*—Messrs. Bommersbach, Baloun, Lavin, Schoonover, Drejer, Ferstl, Hanley, Padden, Bloch, Jurelich, Luken. *Penmanship*—Messrs. R. Spalding, Baloun, Drejer, S. Hunter.

## SPECIAL COURSES.

*French*—Messrs. McIntyre, F. Ward, J. Daly, Callahan, Dowd, V. Dwyer, Werk, H. E. Brown. *Spanish*—Messrs. Crawford, McElligott. *German*—Messrs. Burg, J. Sullivan, J. Crowley, Becker, Baldwin. *Vocal Music*—Messrs. J. Crowley, L. Tong, E. Gainer, J. Ward, Woolverton. *Instrumental Music*—Messrs. A. Kasper, J. Ward, Werk, Krug, Ragan, A. Mueller, Becker, L. Meagher, Barrett, McConnell, Fehr, J. Hesse, Koehler, R. Garza, H. Fleming, Crawford, Pendleton, O. Carney, Heinemann, Ellwanger, F. Bouza, Darst, Burns, Hartung, Hickman, F. Coquillard, Gainer, Corley, Dukette, Friedman, Wagenman, R. O'Malley, C. Fleming. *Drawing*—Messrs. Elitch, Schubert, Hoover, E. Delaney, Atherton, Arce, Geoghegan, Pulskamp, Steiner, Neville, Hay. *Elocution*—Messrs. Walsh, Wurzer, H. Barry, Heinemann, J. Murphy, Mingey.

## Roll of Honor.

## SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Arce, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, Carney, Confer, Campbell, Dowd, Duffy, Dukette, Delaney, Eyanson, Foulks, Fehr, Fitzpatrick, Falvey, Franey, Geoghegan, Grady, Haley, Hartung, Kegler, Kearney, Krause, Landers Medley, J. Murphy, Magruder, Miller, J. Meyers, D. Meyers, Mingey, Monahan, Morris, McConn, McGinnis, McCormack, McKenzie, McDonough, McCarrick, Niezer F. O'Malley, R. O'Malley, V. O'Brien, T. O'Brien, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reed, Rahe, Sheehan, Stuhlfauth, Spaulding, Wurzer, Welker, Weadock, Wise, Walsh.

## BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, H. Barry, J. Bouza, F. Bouza, Baab, Burg, W. Berry, J. Berry, Bouwens, Burns, Baloun, Bourns, Bommersbach, Blish, Callahan, Crowley, Cavan-

ough, Condon, Crunican, Conway, Cypher, Crawford, J. Cassidy, Dominguez, Dalton, Donahoe, Drejer, Dooley, Delaney, Donovan, V. Dwyer, Devine, T. Dillon, Darst, Dreher, Dellone, Davies, Daly, J. Dillon, Desmond, T. Dwyer, Doherty, Ensign, Fitzwilliam, Fetherston, Farragher, Farley, Foster, Fleming, Funk, C. Flannigan, Follen, M. Flannigan, Furry, Guerra, Glynn, Graham, Guilfoyle, Gainer, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Hay, Hoover, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Healy, Heinemann, Hagerty, Hanley, S. L. Hunter, S. R. Hunter, C. Hunter, Howell, Hoban, Hermann, Henry, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Hennebry,\* Jennings, E. Jackson, Kellner, Kehoe, Klein, Kuppler, Koehler, Kangley, Lins, Littig, Longan, Lampert, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Moorehead Murray, Morrison, McKenny, McKenzie, McCallen, McNichols, McDonald, McCollum, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Sullivan, O'Connor, Pickett, Posselius, Pendleton, Pim, Powell, J. W. Ryan, J. F. Ryan, Rupel, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, San Roman, Sullivan, Schubert, Sauer, Stuhlfauth, Sherman, St. Louis, Schwartz, Singler, Scott, Summers, Simpson, Spalding, B. Sanford, Swonk, Sossoman, Smogor, Tomlinson, Tong, Thacker, J. Taylor, Thams, Vogt, Wynne, Wieczorek, Watterson, R. Wilson, F. Ward, Wheeler, Williams J. Ward, R. M. Wilson, W. Ward, G. Wilson, Wagenman, Wells.

## CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Bloch, Britt, F. Brown Brann, Barrett, G. Beardslee, L. Beardslee, Bligh, Bellinger, H. E. Brown, Becker, Berger, Buck, H. J. Brown, Clement, Clyne, Crowley, Carney, Condon Curtis, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cowie, Caruthers, Davidson, Dinnen, Donsett, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Elitch, Ernst, Fink, Furlong, Ferstl, Friedman, Fleming, Girsch, Gibbons, L. Garrity, N. Garrity, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Jurelich, Joyce, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, G. Kasper, Kelly, Luken, Land, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, Moxley, Morgan, Mooney, A. Mueller, W. Mueller, R. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, McConnell, T. Murray, McFarland, McSorley, McSheehy, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McNichols, Nolan, Noonan, Naughton, Nast, Ordex, O'Malley, O'Brien Petritz, Padden, Phillips, Pulford, Page, Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Sibley, Smith, Swiney, Stengel, Slevin, E. Sheekey, Schmitt, Shea, Schoonover, Spillard, Scheftels, Weidmann, Wheelock, Ward, Werk, Welch, Wellman.

## ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Arnold, W. Butler, Bernero, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, Clark, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Caruthers, Dougherty, Dessauer, Donahoe, Downer, Davis, Ervin, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Fleischer, Fleming, F. Fogerty, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, Frain, Griffith, Guilbault, L. Hart, J. Hart, Huleatt, Houser, Hinsey, Hall, Jonquet, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Kelly, W. Kellner, O. Kellner, Leclerque, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, L. McBride, Willie McBride, M. McMahon, C. McFarland, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, A. McFarland, P. McBride, McCarthy, B. Fye, C. Nye, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Paul, Robbins, Sinnott, Strong, St. Clare, Schonlau, Shields, Shipley, Topper, R. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, H. Van Dyke, Venezian, Wigg, Weber, Wilde, Williams, J. Fogerty.

## HOLY CROSS HALL.

Messrs. Barthel, Buse, Coyne, Crowley, DeLorimier, DeWulf, Darron, Davis, DuGuay, Gallagher, Gorski, Dwan, Hiss, Heiser, J. J. Hennessey, J. Hennessey, Long, Lavin, Murphy, Marr, Moynihian, McKeon, Nieuwland, M. J. Oswald, M. Oswald, O'Brien, O'Connell, Ritter, Rees, Sutton, Sullivan, Sammon, Schumacher, Szalewski, Trahey, Walsh.

## ST. JOSEPH'S HALL.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Benson, Brogan, Baldwin, Brand, Breslin, Clifford, Carlton, Cullinan, Crepau, J. Corley, E. Corley, Dwyer, Guiff, Hartzer, Jones, Kachur, Kelly, Lynch, Malone, B. Malloy, F. Malloy, McElligott, J. McIntyre, R. McIntyre, McKeever, Norris, Neville, Pieper, Power, Rinke, Sullivan, Schwanz, Sherry, Vennet, Wolf.

\* Omitted by mistake last week.